plaything

that_one_urchin

Yellowjackets (TV) Complete

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Summary

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Description:

Everything else pales in comparison when she knows what she's missing. And right now, what she's missing is the toy that's tenting her wife's slacks.

Jackie looks up and finds Shauna already watching her. Unabashedly. A furl of heat rolls over Jackie's skin.

"I'm not here for that." She lies.

She totally is here for that.

OR:

Shauna is trying to focus on writing a book. Jackie's idea of a distraction includes very little clothing.

1. plaything

Jackie pokes her head inside, already nursing about ten ulterior motives. “Shauna? Babe?”

Shauna’s office is something of a mystery to her, even though it exists in her own house. She semi-lovingly christened it “the attic 2.0” some years ago because Shauna tucks into it the same way she did her old broody, childhood home, back in Wiskayok, with the overload of Weezer posters and the string lights. Though, the two barely look similar. Now it’s less teenage angst, more big, mahogany shelves and obnoxiously thick copies of Moby Dick.

(Sometimes, if she holds her ear against the door just right, Jackie can hear the click-clacking of Shauna’s laptop through the wood. Not that she does that often.)

She smiles when she sees Shauna posed near the window, which is thrown open, likely so she can smoke one of those cigars she’s been getting into recently. Its aroma hangs around her, traces of it swimming through the air, sweet and well… smoky.

Shauna once claimed it smell like diesel fuel, spices, and freshly baked bread. Jackie claimed the smoke smelled like smoke—but hey, it’s not her writing that’s paying the bills. She’ll leave it up to her wife.

“I brought you something. You busy?” Jackie asks, slinking further into the room on socked feet, one of which shoots back to clumsily kick the door closed.

They don’t have a kid or a pet, thanks to that time during sophomore year where Jackie basically broke a record in fastest killing of poor, carnival goldfish.

There isn’t actually anything that could crawl inside, but it still feels weird to start *getting down to business* in too much of a wide, open space. It reminds her of all the time they spent sneaking off in the wilderness, ripping at each other, kissing and groping in every clearing they could find. They were wild things then, girls with fur for skin, which yeah, had its own animal appeal (she vividly remembers getting well-fucked into several different trees), but honestly, Jackie prefers being human.

She likes her La-Z-Boy sofa, she likes her streaming services, she likes her morning coffee and her sweet cream.

She’s also pretty happy about her wedding ring.

“You know I am.” Shauna turns and drags her eyes over Jackie, starting at the pink, polka dot pattern covering her toes, working up to the stolen flannel hanging off of one shoulder, and finally landing on her guilty, flushed face. “I thought we agreed we weren’t doing anything until after dinner.”

“I know.”

Fuck, does she know.

The problem with knowing is that it puts a line in her head, splits her world into ‘currently getting fucked’ and ‘not currently getting fucked’. Everything else seems to pale in

comparison when she knows what she's missing. And right now, what she's missing is the toy that's tenting her wife's slacks.

They bought it online, along with a whole crop of items that they've been working through. The strap-on's third on the list, after the spreader bar and the ball gag. It's bigger than any of the other dildos they own, not absurdly long but girthy. Just feeling the weight of it in her hands last night, after unpacking the box, had made her clench, her cunt throbbing with obvious want.

Since then, her arousal has spread like the plague. Trying to clean the table this morning had turned into fantasizing about being bent over it. Trying to make the bed had reminded her of all the times she'd dirtied it. Trying to fix dinner had made her think of all the other things she could be eating.

Jackie steals a hopefully subtle glance down, eyeing the square belt buckle, the slight creases in formal grey fabric, the indecent, fat swell of it.

She looks up and finds Shauna already watching her. Unabashedly. A furl of heat rolls over Jackie's skin.

"I'm not here for that." She lies.

She totally is here for that.

Shauna exhales a final plume of smoke, this being the only room Jackie will let her do it in. The end of the cigar burns red between her fingertips, getting crushed and discarded into a nearby ashtray. "So, what is it?"

Jackie hungrily follows the movement of her hands in a trance, almost forgetting to answer, "I made you cookies."

She holds out what she's been keeping in her hands.

Shauna sighs. "Jackie."

"What?" She questions sheepishly.

"This is an Oreo."

"Well—"

"Like, a singular one."

She's not wrong. Jackie likes to call it her *hello, I'm seemingly not here to get into your pants* gesture.

"And it's for you." Jackie stresses, pushing it out a second time, despite the lack of gratitude, her body curled upwards in a way that makes it clear it's also included in this offer. The flannel's unbuttoned, open down the middle, her tits hanging teasing and bare inside. She never really wears a bra these days. At least not around the house, where there's little to no point. They almost always end up yanked out of the cups, sucked or plucked sore.

She still wears panties though. Usually, whatever Shauna picks out for her. Today's is pastel purple with a cute bow, a tiny scrap of a thing that she'd soaked through hours ago.

“Jackie.” Shauna warns, though she draws her close, pulling them snug together by the hips. Her voice is pitched low and tired, roughening a notch further as her fingers begin to roam over Jackie’s clothed ass. “I’m trying to get done with this draft for the book. You know, the thing that keeps the lights on.”

“I get that.” She says, turning into Shauna’s neck. “I just thought you’d want to take a break. Clear your head a little.”

“Clear my head?” Shauna repeats, dryly.

“Yeah.”

Shauna gets a good grip on the back of Jackie’s panties, yanking the waist up hard, so it tugs tight against her slit. “You mean you want a quickie?”

Jackie bites back a moan as she nods, shakily nosing along her jaw. “Yeah, I mean—if you’re not busy.”

Shauna hums, releasing the fabric she’d snagged but still taking a moment to indulge in Jackie’s curves, massaging the lithe muscle built through biweekly yoga.

Her head lulls to the side so she can eat the cookie out of Jackie’s hand, slower than need be, licking the crumbs off her thumb and lapping at her palm. She gives the wet spot a small kiss before retracting, arms falling back to her sides. “On your knees.”

Jackie drops like a stone.

The floor’s padded with carpet for a reason, and her knees only hit soft wool as she hastens to comply.

“You know what I think?” There’s a metallic clink above her. Then a faint scratch of leather. Shauna’s undoing her belt. “I don’t think you care if I’m busy or not. If you really cared, you wouldn’t even be up here. You would’ve waited, like we said.”

“I—”

“Don’t talk. Clearly, what you say doesn’t mean much.” Shauna cuts her off, which is probably for the better. She doesn’t know what she’d say—if she’d even be able to produce sound, seeing the view, watching Shauna push her pants down to the tops of her thighs. Having the toy spring free, millimeters from her face. “I don’t think you care about anybody but yourself.”

“That’s not true.” Jackie protests, but it comes thin and strained with arousal. Shauna gives her a heady, competitive look she hasn’t seen since the last time they played soccer.

“Open your mouth, then. Prove it.”

Jackie flushes, looking up through heavy lashes as she follows the command, letting Shauna slide the tip past her lips and onto her tongue, which lays flat and obedient. Her mouth is wet, waiting, practically pooling salvia after all the anticipation. She swallows as much as she can, as soon she can, lowering her head and breathing shallowly through her nose. It’s immediately too big, forcing her jaw open in a way that aches.

“Easy.” Shauna whispers, brushing some of the loose hairs away from her face. “No one asked you to act like a porn star, Jackie. You can go slow.”

She can, but she won’t. Going slow is loser talk, and she’s already committed. You don’t end the season undefeated without some effort.

Jackie sucks, determinedly holding eye contact, even as it stretches her lips too wide, even as it blurs her vision, even as it presses stiff against the back of her throat and threatens to gag her.

The reward’s in the way Shauna watches her, eyes nearly black and never straying from her face. Her hands come up to trace her hollowed cheeks and red-rimmed mouth with open reverence, like she needs to touch her to ensure she’s real. *You’re too pretty to exist,* Shauna had whispered to her once, while they were lying sweaty between the sheets, *God himself couldn’t have dreamt you up.*

“Good girl. There you go.” She tells her now, hands massaging along her scalp and sinking slow into the depths of her hair. Shauna smoothly takes control, curling both her palms to fists as she guides those last few inches into her mouth. “This is what you wanted, right?”

Her hips tip up to punctuate the end of her sentence, Jackie’s nose nestling against the base of the toy.

Jackie moans, her mouth so full it comes out barely intelligible, just this nonsense whining noise from around thick silicone.

For a second, she can’t breathe, can’t inhale, can’t get in anything but the scent of her wife’s arousal, pressed right to her face. *Yes,* she thinks, her clit pulsing hot as a brand below, *yes, yes, use me.*

Which is exactly what Shauna proceeds to do, leaning back and rocking into her like she heard the silent plea, words unnecessary between them, the grind of Shauna’s hips coming precise and full and perfect automatically, edging near the back of her throat. Shauna holds her in place, Jackie squirming, making these little snot-clogged sniffles she can’t help, pushing out frantic, one-two breaths through her nose until the hands bracketing her skull slip away and leave her gasping, panting as her head sags forward against Shauna’s thigh. She nuzzles blindly into ironed fabric, inelegantly slurping spit, the edges of her world numbing down to smoke, washing detergent, and the shampoo they both use, their scents so mixed up together she can’t be entirely sure she’s not smelling herself. Shauna gives her a minute for a few wet, desperate gulps of air, *pleases* and *I’m sorrys* dampening her slacks, before she’s dragging Jackie back on without remorse, directing her head to bob back and forth quick, like a personal fuck-doll.

“Don’t say you’re sorry if you don’t mean it.” Shauna mutters, when she’s let up again, Jackie spluttering underneath her. “This isn’t high school.”

Jackie helplessly nods her assent.

“Yes, m—” She’s interrupted by Shauna stuffing the rubber cock straight into her mouth, the indignity of it making her cheeks go red, her skin stinging with embarrassment, as if she’s been slapped.

“I told you not to talk.” Shauna reminds her casually. Jackie wills her throat to relax, constricting around the length, making loud, pointless, sloppy sounds while Shauna pets her hair, sighing low and pitying. “You’re lucky you’re pretty. Cause I’m not hearing anything rattling in this head.”

A pulse of sticky-hot shame thrums through her, seeming to touch every nerve in her body before dribbling into her panties. She whines brokenly.

Okay.

The careless manhandling is turning her on a lot more than she thought it would.

They talked about it, went over the idea more than a few times, and sure, she knew it’d be overwhelming, but she didn’t expect this, shaking, slick smearing her inner thighs, her body shoved around at whim.

Something nudges between Jackie legs, which fall open out of instinct, readily moving towards the new source of friction. She gets in two needy rolls of her hips before she registers that Shauna’s hands are on her head and the toy is still in her mouth and that means—

Oh.

Shauna’s boot shifts, the rounded edge of it pressing hard through her panties.

It digs right into her cunt, pushing against it, the pressure unfocused but unyielding, grinding into the swell of her while simultaneously rubbing the fuck out of her clit.

Shauna reaches far down to squeeze her nipple, pinching a shiver from the bud. “You think you can listen?”

Jackie nods. Up and down frantically, vehemently.

“Behave?”

Yes, she cries silently, hoping Shauna can hear it echoing in her own head when she curls in on herself and comes with a jolt, the crest of her orgasm razor sharp and all-consuming.

The force shudders through her whole body, her nose, lips, and forehead mashed somewhere into Shauna’s stomach, as she tumbles forward, sagging against her.

Shauna slides down to the floor and unashamedly joins her, stroking her through what feels like a strike of lightning, more sharp than winter cold. Her hands massage everywhere from her trembling cunt to her trembling shoulders, working Jackie down and coaxing her close, until they’re practically molded together, wrapped in an octopus-limbed, sweat-soaked embrace.

“Hi.” She says.

“Hi.” Jackie repeats, her voice exceedingly more hoarse.

Shauna smiles and goes back to pushing the slight, wispy hairs away from her face, in the idle way she was before. Her hands are big, the tips of her fingers calloused, while her knuckles and palms are rubbed lotion soft.

Jackie leans into them, snuggling her nose along the compilation of scars there—some from minor cooking and gardening accidents, others leftover from a life that seems an ocean away and also just next door.

“You okay?” Shauna questions. “You’ve kinda got smoker throat. You sound like Nat.”

Jackie gives her a loose-limbed kick. “Shush. I’m fine.”

She feels sore and spent but fine, good. More than. Phenomenal is floating around in her vocabulary.

Shauna accepts it, just shifting her hands lower, to trace the gaping flannel. “Any chance I’m getting this shirt back?”

“Uh…”

“No?”

“No.”

“Sounds about right.” Shauna draws her back into that hug, as soothing as sinking into a full bathtub, the sensation just the same, like her body’s melting into suds. She nearly purrs at the hands lightly massaging her back and the kiss that gets placed on her forehead as a reward, for finally being a good girl.

Jackie’s come to enough by now that she feels at liberty to get handsy. The years have made Shauna’s body softer, her hips wider, her tits hanging much fuller, deliciously heavy, spilling out from between Jackie’s fingers when she pushes up and kneads them.

“Did I really distract you from your work?” Jackie asks, following the inviting curves. She does feel somewhat bad, thorough face-fucking aside.

“No.” Shauna admits in a sigh. “I haven’t actually written anything in an hour.”

Jackie frowns.

“Here.” She says, plopping a warm kiss on Shauna’s cheek as a gift. “Now you can write a book about me.”

Shauna snorts. Dazzling eyes, sardonic grin. “Are you saying your kisses cure writers block?”

“Well, I don’t know. Maybe. I’m testing a theory here.” Jackie flirts, somehow feeling coy with the woman she’s been married to for over fifteen years. She feeds her a filthy kiss, sucking her tongue, getting her nipples to pebble. “What do you think?”

“I’m thinking I’m gonna have to fuck you on this floor.” Shauna hisses so lowly that only she can hear, nipping her throat.

“Shauna.” Jackie moans. A trail of kisses are laid over her neck, bruises sucked blunt into the skin.

“For the record,” Shauna whispers, “all my books are about you.”

Jackie shivers at both the words and the lips brushing her ear. “So, I’m your muse?”

Shauna squeezes her possessively. “You’re my wife.”

“I wanna be both.”

Cue the eye roll. “Of course you do.”

“I know.” Jackie sighs. Shauna doesn’t need to say the word *needy* aloud. She’s already feeling it. “Are you up to bat or what, Shipman? Round two me.”

She grabs the toy that’s been jutting between their bodies, neglected but not forgotten, giving it a tug so that Shauna pulls in a sharp breath, chuckling once the response registers.

“Round two you? Really?”

Jackie ignores her wife’s amusement, huffing as she’s put onto her back. “Whatever. You love me.”

“Yeah. I do.” Shauna removes her underwear for her, slow and loving with practical sparkles in her eyes. The fabric’s drenched. “Your jokes, on the other hand…”

“…are delightful?” Jackie guesses.

“Questionable.”

“Gag me, then.” She suggests, not shy. What? She figures they spent money on it for a reason.

Shauna laughs her very specific *‘I can’t believe I’m fucking this girl I met in kindergarten’* laugh, flinging Jackie’s panties aside before stretching on top of her. “You just want all the toys, don’t you?”

She moves her hips in a circle, teasingly dragging the tip across Jackie’s entrance.

“Yeah. That’s my secret plan.” Jackie pants.

“It’s not secret.” Shauna pitches a hair’s breadth forward, then back, barely there, sadistic. She looks something of a fallen saint, kneeling on the carpet, like she’s made to worship and bruise. “Doesn’t take a Harvard degree to see that you’re spoiled.”

“Only cause you spoil me—”

Jackie’s breath catches, mewling at the first solid press of the head inside her. She’s only ever been with one person. She’s only ever *wanted* to be with one person, and there’s a reason for that. Nothing ever compares to the feel of Shauna on top of her, sliding home into her, making love to her. It’s always so burningly intimate, her body vulnerable, spread bare beneath those strong hands.

Hands that she’s seen punch, break bones, even kill before. Hands that she still lets slap, choke, and fuck her. Hands that could do anything to her now.

Currently, they’re holding her hips down, keeping her in place as the toy splits her, digging in inch by inch. She’s helpless to do anything but moan and rake scrambling fingers down Shauna’s back. Slow or not, it’s incredibly thick, a purchase they’d splurged on together.

“Fuck, baby.” She hiccups.

“Hurt?”

“No, but—”

“Then, shut up.” Shauna interrupts, not mean but firm, no room for argument in that flat, unflinching voice. “You asked for this. Take it.”

Jackie whines, going boneless and submissive as soon as Shauna bottoms out on top of her. Fuck, she loves this. She loves the feel of it, being stuffed full, loves how concrete Shauna is—rounded shoulders boxing her in, big warm sturdy thighs pinning her to the carpet. Shauna’s legs are halfheartedly shaved and muscular, now that they’re done Slim-Fasting it through the 90s. She uses them to pile-drive into Jackie, giving her thrust after thrust, making the whole world seem to rock, snow-globe style. Each one has her slamming her heels down, curling up onto her toes, begging *fuck me, fuck me, fuck me ohmygod fuck* in increasingly loud whimpers, the planes of Shauna’s stomach flexing as she complies, packing it in hard, spoiling her by bullying up into her guts.

“Please, Shauna, wanna see you…” Jackie makes grabby hands at her top, annoyed with herself for not getting it off sooner. Shauna laughs breathlessly and for a second there’s a one-sided tussle, both of them wrestling to get it off—Jackie contributing by pawing at it, Shauna ultimately undoing the buttons and flinging it at the wall before returning to her bare. Jackie’s lips part at the sight of pink nipples, tongue lulling out pleadingly. Her tits are marvelous and swinging and glistening with sweat, begging to be sucked, which is exactly what Jackie does, taking one hungrily into her mouth and nursing blindly, like she’s teething. Shauna groans, hips giving a couple more straightforward pumps before one harsh shove comes—white hot, pleasure pain—and she floods her underwear, grinding her full weight into Jackie.

Jackie cries out, eyelashes sparkling with tears. “Ah! Just like that. Fuck. Just like that.”

Shauna hops to it, never one to deny Jackie for long. She fucks her through a second and third orgasm, maintaining the same pace while reaching down to rub slippery fingers over her clit, eyes going dark and intense when Jackie starts to cry in earnest. The wet squelching and relentless slapping of skin battles it out for second place in the noise contest, after her moans. It feels so good, she can’t control herself, tears stream downing her face as Shauna pinches and rolls the sensitive bud.

“Again.” Shauna commands. Her stare’s that of a beast in the night, watching its struggling prey.

“I—I don’t know if I—”

“*Again.*”

Jackie comes, convulsing.

“If I want you to come all night, you will.” Shauna whispers while still lodged inside her. “Got it?”

She slurs something in the realm of a yes.

Shauna jerks up one last time, a quick punch, like burying a load, before slipping out.

Jackie grimaces at the loss, wanting it back instantly, despite her body’s aches and groans. Unfortunately, she’s too dazed to lodge a formal complaint.

She’s not sure how long she lies there, wrung-out and dribbling slick, just that Shauna’s with her the whole time, kissing her, massaging her arms, petting away tremors.

“How do you feel?” Shauna asks after a while.

“Like my throat’s sore.”

“Wonder how that happened.” Shauna smiles, not bothering to dodge the weak jab of Jackie’s elbow. “Come on. How about a nap and some Gatorade?”

Her heart schoolgirl flutters as Shauna hooks two arms beneath her legs and hoists her up bridal style. Maybe it’s ridiculous, after so many years, but it always reminds her of their wedding.

Warmed and content, Jackie lets her eyes shut, snoozing into Shauna’s chest. Shauna carries her down the hall, grumbling something about a window they apparently forgot to close. “We’ve gotta start remembering. Mrs. Norris is a judgy bitch…”

Two hours later, after a long nap and Gatorade, she wakes up to another bottle—fruit punch, the superior flavor—on the nightstand, alongside a sticky note. She reads it in the dim light of their bedroom, tucked up in pillows and homey sheets, fingertips tracing fond along the handwriting.

Went to go pick up dinner and carpet cleaner. Drink some water while I’m gone. Rest. You’re already my muse. You’re my everything.

Jackie holds a smile to the paper.